

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## An Actor's Life

by Rosalyn Hurst

It's so kind of you to visit. You know I will only talk of my acting career, personal life, stories I know, gossip, that's for another day.

I was lucky to have an inspired teacher in a very mundane provincial comprehensive and he thought I would benefit from joining a local am-dram society. Benefit? Well yes I was getting into trouble. God! school was boring and I had few friends. With a bit of push I landed the part of Edmund, in King Lear, a dismal play, do you know it? I am sure the teacher didn't tell them, but like Edmund I was the illiterate son of some father that had taken off and my mum couldn't cope so I was in and out of foster care. And like Lear, my dad shows up at rehearsal, so I put a lot into that part, got noticed as they say.

I left school at sixteen got some film action parts, learnt to ride horses got taken on as knights lopping off arms and legs in New Zealand for Lord of the Rings, then for the medieval trend like Green Knight. Did modern action too, got handy handling guns, did you see me in Saving Private Ryan as a German soldier shooting at the hero? got a few lines too.

Yes it was at that time I was getting into fights, difficult to wind down after filming and early hours and parties. Got into the old nose candy, was checked into Priory by the production company and let me tell you I was just amazed who else was there and not all actors let me tell you.

But every cloud as they say...well while I was there I met Miranda. God she was lovely, then. No not an inmate like me, just visiting her brother, but we exchanged looks, you know what I mean and I got her address from the brother, followed her up and in a month we were living together. He was so calming and she believed in my talent.

I got small part in a production of Othello, the clown, not my scene but it was a new start. But the more I became immersed in the play the more I knew, just knew that Iago was right, and that Cassio had bedded the apparently saintly Desdemona.

It was lucky that the run ended when it did because I really decked one on the smooth Moor bastard at the leaving party.

There followed a short spell of 'resting' as we say in the profession but a Pinter two-hander in a room above a pub got me back, not the main stage. Mind you I always thought the Dumb Waiter was a very sinister play, did my head in. But a critic said he had never seen a production that brought out the magic intent of the two assassins as they plan a murder.

Then back to stage at Birmingham with Macbeth playing the porter. Miranda despaired that it was such a small part for my talents. What did she know? For what did they say about this part? Harold Bloom no less the mighty and revered expert on the play "He imaginatively summons Beelzebub and fancies himself as the porter at the gate of Hell." And so I summoned this Prince of darkness as nightly I watched the driving ambitions of Lady Macbeth, yet another woman that brings disaster on her partner.

Each night returning on late night tubes alongside the dross of London life, going into the flat ignored by Miranda I realised that while I looked tired and drawn she remained so beautiful, so happy so content. And then I knew she had a lover and like the knights of old, like Desdemona, like on the commands of Beelzebub she must go.

It was unfortunate her screams attracted so much attention in those early hours, that it was a quiet night for crime, that the police broke in before she was completely dead. Perhaps it was inevitable that I did not have a chance to demonstrate my wit, the lines so carefully learnt from dear Oscar Wilde, during the sterile court proceedings.

Guilty and insane they say. Surely not!

Am I like Caliban? No I never played him... on stage

It's just that I love acting, it is so much more than real life.